

The Usual Disclaimer: If you found this story, you're probably the kind of person who knows what you're looking for. If you have somehow found this story, and were NOT looking for a fantasy tale that includes girls boobs getting bigger, girls growing dicks, and many other highly sexual themes, please seek a parent or guardian to guide you out of this scary place. If instead, that sounds like your jam, please enjoy.

Party Favors
Chapters 1-3
By Swogrider

Chapter 1

The trio strode up the hill towards the mansion-sized house at the peak.

Lin had been waiting for this moment for her entire young-adult life; Her first, real fancy mansion party! Sure, it wasn't even close to a school *she* attended, or that she even went to college, but it wasn't like she'd ever gone to any of those *highschool* parties. Gross. She had no interest. What's a party with no drinking? Still, when Stephanie's friend's cousin's friend invites you all to a secret college party at the huge party mansion at the edge of town, you don't say no!

Stephanie had brought both Lin and Jennifer along for the ride, riding on the coattails of the bare minimum of coolness that slipped her onto the invite list.

"Could this place be any bigger?!" Lin whisper-shouted as they continued to climb the many-many steps towards the estate.

"Seriously. This much topiary and they couldn't afford an escalator?" Jennifer added, getting a chuckle out of Lin. Stephanie was too distracted.

"Can you guys at least try to act like you go to these parties?" Stephanie said, eyes on the steady stream of expensive-looking cars and limos that were pulling up the snaking driveway while the three of them hoofed it up the stairs.

"Oh relax steph! We're already here! It's not like the cool police are gonna kick us out." Jennifer nudged her in the shoulder. "I think you look down right spiffy." She made a face that no one could help but laugh at.

Stephanie broke. "Oh god, alright, I'll lighten up. If you promise to never use the word "spiffy" again."

"No promises."

“Oh god, finally. My thighs. I can skip leg day this week.” Jennifer huffed, pulling herself up onto the final step that made up the very wide, covered porch.

Just outside the wide-open double doors were a man and a woman in black suits, passing out small gift bags.

To every person in front of them, they heard the same thing, and when they placed a bag into their hands they said it again. “Inside your bag you’ll find your party favor. Please place it around your neck before entering.”

The next suited person behind them held out a clipboard and a pen. “All guests must sign in before entry.” Urging her friends after her, Stephanie signed first.

With small nods and one “Affirmative” from Jennifer, they waded into the warm air of the mansion. A ceiling too high to guess towered over them, with an enormous curved staircase straight ahead leading to the second, and supposedly third and fourth floors. The second floor balcony stretched around the room, giving already meandering and mingling partygoers a birds eye view of all new arrivals.

“Holy shit.” Lin’s jaw dropped.

“You guys glad you know me, or what?” Stephanie swung her little gift bag over her shoulder and sauntered over the blazing red carpet.

They jumped, when a large, gold-trimmed grandfather clock placed against the wall at the top of the stairs jingled and jangled, ringing out nine chimes. The party was scheduled to start at nine, but they were told to make sure to be on time for some reason.

The suited greeters hurried the remaining guests inside, and closed the huge double doors.

“People! People! If I can have your attention for a moment, I’d like to start off tonight’s festivities!”

All eyes turned to a girl standing halfway up the curved, carpeted steps. She was wearing a pink dress which draped off one shoulder and it was covered with flowery patterns.

“Hey everyone! I’m Megan!” She paused and chuckled nervously, and she waited for the crowd’s chatter to hush before continuing. “Okay, so. I’m sure you’re all wondering “what’s up with the goodie bags?” Well I’ll be happy to...” She was nudging her head to someone at the bottom of the steps, who was missing their cue. “I’ll be happy to show you- THANK you Doug.” A suited boy rushed a small bag up the steps and into her hands before blushing and stepping back out of the limelight.

She carefully opened the bag and pulled out a small, laminated note card on a loose string. She held it up for everyone to see, though the small black print on it was too far for them to read from their position.

"We've managed to cultivate quite a bit of magic for tonight's event, and my talented team of wizards have devised the party favors for the festivities. You all should have received a nametag on your way in?" She turned the card hanging from her neck around in her hand. "In just a minute your party favors will kick in, and just below your name a little description will appear."

A murmur rippled through the crowd as she lifted it over her head, flipping her hair out of the way, then held her arms out to demonstrate.

In a split-second, her clothes faded away. There was a collection of whoops, gasps, and hollers from the crowd before it settled into applause.

Standing completely naked on the stage, Megan didn't flinch an inch. "See, I wish I was in on the joke, because I have no idea what the applause was for!" She laughed again, looking down at her body to try and spot a difference in herself. She laughed and shrugged, slapping her arms against her sides. "If you don't mind?" Still around her neck, she held her card out to a suited girl at the foot of the steps. She read it softly to her.

"See, I heard you, but I don't understand anything you're saying. Probably because of the magic, so go ahead and shout it for everyone to hear."

The girl turned on her big voice and announced, "It says Empresses' New Clothes, I have no idea I am naked."

A ripple of laughs and cheers moved through the crowd, eventually evolving into applause which Megan was happy to absorb. Arms akimbo, she basked in the attention of the moment, oblivious as to why.

"The party favors are all unique, so hearing how many guys were cheering I'm assuming it gave me huge tits I can't see or something." She paused for the laughs. "Stationed around the party will be the wizards helping me organize tonight's different areas, and for whatever may happen tonight, there are bedrooms upstairs that are available on a first-come-first-served basis. And before I forget! There are a few secret "Easter Eggs" items hidden around the property tonight. See if you can find one yourselves!"

"Now if you'll all count it down with me, I'll give the signal to start off the night!"

She nodded to someone out of sight, then began counting. "Five! Four! Three! Two! One!"

The room erupted into chaos.

To their left, one girl shot up five feet in height, shoving those around her to the ground and annihilating the clothes that struggled to hang onto her body. On the right one girl's pants ripped apart as her ass doubled her width in a matter of seconds, sending her jiggling to the floor. All around cries of surprise, outrage, amusement and pleasure clashed around like waves in a stormy sea.

As the crowd around them bustled and came alive with reactions, Lin didn't need to read her card to notice what had happened to her. The front of her blouse fought with its sides before losing the battle, sending her two middle buttons flying across the room. Behind her she felt and heard her bra snap.

"What the fuck?" She took a step back, her heel sending a wave of momentum up through her that made her tits bounce. Bounce way more than they ever had before.

"Hot damn, Lin! Steph! Steph!" Jennifer was repeatedly punching Stephanie in the shoulder, but she was already looking at the same boobs Jennifer was.

Half a second later, Jennifer noticed what was going on in her pants.

"Knock it off, Jen! I see 'em! Jeez. Lin, can you stand?"

Barely, Lin thought. Her slender build would have already accentuated breasts of normal size for her age, of which she had recently had none. These, however, were that and more, even outshining Stephanie's humble Ds by at least a few sizes. Lin felt like she was trying to smuggle two cantaloupes out of the supermarket under her shirt, but the clear line of cleavage now visible in the gap of her blouse made that assumption moot.

"I guess I'm okay?" Reaching up to feel them herself, a little burst of surprise warmth zipped down her spine. She hadn't really expected to feel them for some reason. She could certainly feel them now. Having been all but demolished, she carefully worked at extracting her bra to place it in her purse.

Now hunched over with both hands between her legs, Jennifer's face screamed alarm. "I'VE gotta go to the bathroom." She rocketed away, leaving Stephanie and Lin alone in the sea of transformative madness.

"Wha- Jen! Don't get lost!" Lin called after her, but she had already vanished in the throng of activity.

Still reeling from the strange weight on her chest, curiosity still nagged at her. "Steph, what'd you get?"

A pause like she had almost forgotten she had one, she reached down and flipped her card up, reading it silently.

"... I don't get it." She flipped it around for Lin to read.

"Community Squeeze"

(I do not notice being groped. Skip the dinner and be my guest!)

Lin squinted. Well, to test it was simple enough. Trying to keep the flow of conversation, she reached up one hand towards her friend's boob.

"Well, what do you think it could mean?" Lin kept her eye contact as casually as possible as her fingers made contact. Soft, warm breast pushed into her palm and beneath her fingers.

Lin almost pulled away when Stephanie moved, but then she just shrugged, and looked away. "I don't know. Like, people will just come play with my tits? How would that even work?"

The warm mass beneath Stephanie's shirt was being kneaded like dough in Lin's steady hand. Lin breathed out in relief. "You mean like-" It was hard to say it. She kind of didn't want to stop. "Like you don't even notice me touching you now?"

"What-" Stephanie's face froze. In her eyes Lin could see her retroactively feeling everything she'd done. She looked down, saw the palm lifting her left breast, and finally reacted.

She pulled back, swatting Lin's hand away and suppressing a shiver. "THAT is going to get old fast."

"Not if no one ever tells you." Lin nodded back at her. She looked down at her own chest. Her own goals of being a wallflower at this party were all but none now. Curious, she flipped over her own nametag. Beneath her name it read:

"Growth Spurts"

(My boobs will get bigger at random. Who knows if/when they'll stop!)

That did not fill her with confidence. She flipped it towards Steph. "Looks like I'm just getting started over here."

Lin was distracted by a sound, and turned towards the disturbance. A group of people was gathered around a girl with red hair. She was on her knees, currently servicing a male attendee whose testicles were the size of tennis balls. The noise she had heard was the slurping and sucking motions of a spectacular finish, and the man pulled an erection out of her mouth that suddenly looked too small next to his strangely huge balls.

Nonchalantly wiping the edge of her lips with the back of her hand, she stood up and resumed conversation as if nothing had happened.

"So yeah, like I was saying, they totally could have gotten a DJ here for tonight. Imagine how much better this would be with some music! Hmm?"

The man with the large balls, already having tucked away his spent package, had a friend. He'd tapped her on the shoulder, said a few words, and within seconds she was back on her knees, unbuckling his pants methodically and pulling his junk into the air. Without any ado

she took it into her mouth and began her work, which judging by his face, was more than satisfactory.

Lin moved closer to investigate. Weaving through the crowd, around the group, it seemed like a few guys were lined up around the redhead. She singled out one and got his attention. It wasn't hard.

His eyes dove straight to her tits. She sighed and asked, "What's the line for? She giving out numbers?"

"Might as well be, she do anyone who asks." He smirked, turning back to see his other friend empty his load into the redhead's welcoming throat.

This didn't feel right. Lin's heart went out to the girl. It seems Stephanie had it easier than she thought.

The redhead smoothed out her skirt once again as she rose, continuing on the conversation once more. Another of the surrounding guests, guys and girls, moved to get her attention.

Lin jumped into action before she knew what she was doing. "Hey! Come upstairs and uhh- eat me out." She forced the words out. She felt herself physically cringing as she said it, but it was the only idea she had. First, just get her away from the mob.

The other guy's face fell, but hers placidly accepted and grabbed Lin's hand, pulling her towards the stairs.

They exited through the crowd to a choir of disappointed moans behind them, but Lin couldn't feel too bad for them.

She noticed as she was pulled through the crowd that most of the lobby area had been taken over by some sexual act or another.

Lin caught a glimpse of Stephanie in deep conversation with some guy whose hand was waaay up her shirt.

And then suddenly they were climbing the stairs. She followed until she was pulled into a side room, a made bed placed temptingly in the middle of the room. As soon as the door was closed and the request's criteria met, the girl got to work. She reached for Lin's pants.

"NO Ho! Wait! Hold up!" Lin grasped the girls wrists, and they went limp at her protests. Her eyes cleared.

"Oh hey there. I'm Tia. I'm sorry, I didn't get your name?"

Shocked that she'd just slid so close to a very different situation, Lin responded a little flustered. "Lin. Nice to meet you. Sorry, uh, do you know what your nametag says?"

"Oh yeah, it was Oral Queen or something. But it's fine, it hasn't even come up yet." Her eyes darted down at Lin's tits a moment. "Don't really have to read yours."

"That's... Accurate. Look, It did come up, uhh, a few times actually. I just asked you up here to get you away from those guys. You looked like you were going to be busy all night."

Her eyes widened a bit, and she giggled. Oh my god that magics some good stuff, huh? I don't remember a thing! Ugh, now that you mention it-" She put a hand over her stomach.

A little smirk grew on the redhead's face. "Hey, thanks a ton for helping me out..." She pushed a little closer, into Lin's space. Breathing the same breaths. "Since it'll just be a little blip for me... minus a little mouthwash maybe... I wouldn't mind if..."

She tottered on the spot, waiting for Lin to make the connection. The idea of it twisted her tongue into a knot and made heat rush into her face.

"Go ahead. Ask me a question, my hero." She stared into her eyes, waiting for the answer.

"Hey Tia-" Before she could get the words out, Tia had thrown a finger over her lips.

"You know what, nevermind. I want to remember this." And with that, she slid downwards, pushing Lin backwards, letting the bed knock the knees out from under her.

"Woah- you- you don't have to-" Lin's pants and panties were already around her knees.

"It's not a big-" The very stupid part of her brain that had still be resisting this gave up as soon as Tia's tongue made contact.

"Oh fuck- You're- You're reallygoodatthat-" Lin's speech blurred together as she twisted backwards against the bed, her arms flying up to grip the sheets into a tangled mess. Her partner added fingers slowly, one at a time, until she decided that two was enough. Then she flipped her hand palm upwards, and curled her fingers.

"AHhh!" Lin's reflexes clenched her legs around Tia's head. "Gentle! That's- My spot..."

Tia paused, lifting her head for a moment. "Oh?" With a mischievous smile, she slowly sucked on her two most used fingers. "I'll keep that in mind."

Before Lin could realize her mistake, Tia's fingers were already inside her, rubbing frantically against her G-spot. Without mercy, she plunged her mouth against Lin's pussy, sucking her clit between her lips and attacking it with her tongue.

Lin screamed, thrashing against the unrelenting attack but being unable to resist how wonderful it felt. Her breasts were flung in wild circles as heaved breath in and out of her lungs.

The edges of her vision blurred as she came. The world faded away as the throbbing waves of pleasure encompassed her completely.

Lin awoke to a loud knocking.

"Lin! You in there? Answer your phone!"

Lin climbed back into her pants in a panic, yelling out a clipped "Just a sec!"

She looked around. Tia was gone, but Lin's pants had been gently put back on and buttoned up.

A few moments later, she slid out the door.

"Have some fun for yourself then?" Stephanie nodded towards Lin's love-tostled hair, making her hastily smooth it out in embarrassment.

"I met a friend! She was very nice." She realized how it sounded even as she said it. "How long was I out?"

Stephanie snorted a little laugh. "You fell asleep? Guess it was good. You've been gone an hour. I met a friend too! He was very nice! He didn't even try to feel me up, either. What a gentleman."

Lin rolled her eyes, starting off back down the hallway towards a new end of the house. She didn't feel as though whatever was going on in the lobby was that enticing. "Any sign of Jen?"

Steph shook her head. "Not yet. Doubt it was just the little girl's room she dashed out for."

Since her short rest the party seems to have become well underway. People lingered in the halls, and noises she heard as side rooms opened and closed made her want to go into each in turn.

A blonde girl with small, perky breasts bounced past them, notably only wearing panties. Clothes of passersby seemed to vanish and reappear as she slipped by, until she finally passed by them.

"Excuse me girls, sorry!" Once within five feet of the girl, both Steph and Lin's ensemble's were replaced instantly with those same black panties. Their breasts bounced free in the air for a few moments before she bounced along on her way, her strange radius abating. Their clothes reappeared as suddenly as they had vanished, and pleasantly enough, Lin's top was no longer in pieces, and fit her new breasts snugly. Her bra was still tucked away in her purse, so her nipples poked right through, but it was still an improvement.

"What the hell kind of party did you bring us to, Steph?"

It took her a few steps down the hall to swallow her pride. "I may admit I did not read the contracts at the door."

"Contracts? You said we had to sign in!"

"Well, it would certainly explain the flexible definition of 'consent' I've been seeing around so far. It looks like it's anything goes tonight. C'mon, let's head for the open bar."

"Good idea. We might find Jennifer."

"Hmm? Oh. Yeah that too."

Chapter 2

They made their way through the party, passing groups of chatting partygoers and organized carnal displays in equal measure. At one point, through an open door, they viewed a line of girls leading up to one giving a blowjob to a very pleased looking guy. Tensing momentarily, the girl had happily gulped down what she was given and stood up. They watched as her boobs grew a size, and with a giggle heard her say to herself "I'm gettin' back in line!"

Upon arrival at the bar area located in the east wing, they were met with cheers as a girl, standing on the countertop over her opponent, triumphed in shotgunning two beers first.

She held up her empty cans in the air far before the guy had his second can half empty. "Wait for it!" She ushered to the crowd, drawing in all eyes, and then looking down at her T-shirt, drawing all eyes to her modest chest. It did not stay modest for long.

The girl's boobs swelled out, jumping up in size once, then again, sending her bouncing each time. She had clearly already abandoned her bra, as the divots of her nipples were standing tall. They suddenly climbed down the material as the mass quickly took up more space within her shirt.

They settled as quickly as they'd grown, and the girl just grinned.

“LET’S GO! Hannah! Size me!”

Another girl in the crowd in a short black dress, who happened to be idly grabbing her own boobs, responded excitedly. “ON IT!” Walking up behind the victor, her hands transferred from her own tits to her friends’.

“At least Ds. Not quite doubles.” She pulled her hands away, and they immediately returned to her own breasts, now bouncing them up and down intermittently. She returned to the crowd.

She thrust a fist into the air. “Ds!” And a cheer rang out through the crowd. “Alright you motherfuckers, who’s next? I’m not leaving until these are the biggest in the room!”

During her speech, her eyes had been scanning the crowd. It was on the last word that they fell on Lin, and her face fell.

“Well shit. I guess I’ll be drinking my words.” She said, pulling the attention of the entire crowd to Lin’s boobs.

For Lin, as a person, this amount of this kind of attention immediately short circuited her brain. She placidly raised a hand to wave at the crowd with a smile.

A chuckle murmured through the crowd, and by the time it had subsided the girl had already locked elbows with her and was guiding her towards the bar.

“C’mere. Y’drink?” As she pulled her over to the bar, she waved a hand above her head, and any remaining attention she had garnered seemed to disperse. Show’s over.

“Uhh, not often. But definitely tonight!”

“That’s the spirit! Hey, you’re lucky your card just gave you those. Some of us gotta work for ‘em!”

Lin quickly read her nametag, learning that her name was Suzy.

“Happy Hour”

(My boobs get bigger the more I drink! Bottom’s up!)

They arrived at the bar and Suzy deftly slammed down two shot glasses. A curvy girl from across the bar handed her a half empty bottle of vodka, with which she filled the shot glasses to the brim and over, spilling a little.

Without hesitation she lifted her own glass and leveled it at Lin, waiting for her to pick up hers. She took the hint, picking it up, at which Suzy promptly clinked their glasses together and

downed its contents. Right behind her, Lin took a deep breath, braced, and dumped the burning liquid down her throat.

She sat wincing for a while, making Suzy slap her on the back and grin. "Atta girl! Ah, wait. Hold on." She put down her glass and leaned forward a bit, placing her palms on either side of her boobs. "I've gotta admit it. It's starting to feel kind of good."

With that, she closed her eyes, and her boobs leapt forward once again, gaining mass in bouncing waves. Eyes closed, Suzy's eyelids fluttered a little as the final bounce gave way to the hem of her shirt stretching enough to reveal the merest hint of underboob.

"Damn, this shirt's on its last legs, huh? These have GOTTA be over double Ds, right?"

Lin's response was stifled by her brain having boobs in its face, and therefore was unable to function. She produced a stock response.

"For sure." She laughed nervously, suddenly very aware of her own boobs with how much Suzy was stealing looks."

"Say, how big you think yours are? I gotta know what I'm trying to beat."

"Oh uh, these were kind of sudden-"

"I'm sure! Hey, wanna ask my friend Hannah? She's a wiz with guessing stuff like that. HEY! HANNAH!"

Wishing she hadn't lost Stephanie in the crowd, Lin was suddenly confronted with the girl in the short black dress. She approached, by standing a good distance away. She was, at the moment, squishing her boobs together and around in a circular motion. She bowed, curtly.

"Hello! I'm Hannah. Don't mind the hands, they just kind of do what they want."

The rampant groping suddenly making more sense, Lin smiled and returned the little bow.

"Hey, help us out," Suzy said, wrapping an arm around Hannah and letting her right hand automatically cop a handful of titty. Suzy acted like she hadn't noticed. "We need to know Lin here's size."

Hannah pulled herself away from Suzy, forcing her hands back onto her own breasts to resume their circular groping.

Panic rising inside Lin, she took a step backward, knowing exactly what this was implying.

“Oh, sure thing.” After just squinting and eyeing her up for a second, she spat out “44 Es. You’ve almost got her beat, Suz, you’re right behind at 38 DDs now.”

Suzy just nodded, looking at Lin. “See? What’d I tell ya. Absolute genius at titties, this girl.”

“Aw, stop!” Hannah blushed, still groping herself relentlessly.

“Lin!” Stephanie approached, appearing with a margarita in her hand. “Oh, you made friends!”

Lin, having a stroke of genius of her own, put her hand on Stephanie’s back, leading her towards her new acquaintance. “Uh, yeah! This is Suzy, and this is Hannah.” With a forceful shove, Lin pushed Stephanie a few steps forward, closer to Hannah. “I think you two would *really* hit it off.” And with a wink at Hannah and a final shove, Stephanie stumbled forward into Hannah’s groping range.

“Well hello! How do you do! I’m Stephanie.”

Trying very hard not to show visual signs of getting forceful handfuls of Stephanie’s titties, she was taken aback at how she hadn’t seemed to notice, and so tried to compose herself.

“Uh, nice to meet you! Charmed.”

Lin backed away towards Suzy and whispered to her. “She won’t notice the groping, so maybe they’ll be able to have an actual conversation in this crazy place.”

Suzy nudged her on the shoulder. “You’ve got a big heart under those big tits, huh?”

Lin gave a big laugh, feeling a little tipsy. “They’re not *that* big. I can still- Uh-”

As if they had been able to hear her, and were insulted, her breasts began to rumble within her blouse. The rumbling within amounted to a slight wobbling back and forth, which Suzy noticed immediately.

The first time the light tingling sensation that had accompanied her growth was like a little tickle. Now, a palpable rippling warmth emitted from within her breasts that made Liz’s face flush. She could feel herself begin to sweat.

“Again? No- Come on... Not now!” She moaned softly, feeling the pulsing heat inside her breasts come to a head. She arched her back, gripping the bar with both hands. All at once, in a surge of growth, her tits almost doubled in size. Her once-remade blouse was pushed past its limits yet again, sending buttons flying across the room.

Suzy's friend Hannah may have been good with exact sizes, but Lin had always been partial to imagining fruit to compare sizes. Her cantaloupes had just doubled in size, but they weren't quite watermelons yet.

"You're nuts, girl! How am I supposed to keep up with that?" Suzy said, not having taken her eyes off Lin's chest for a second of the ordeal. She shouted to the girl behind the bar. "Hey! Still have that bottle? Nah, fuck the glass! I'm trying to compete here!."

Just trying to get a breath in felt like bowling balls heaving up and down on her chest, and how tight her top had become wasn't helping. She was afraid that she would let go of the bar and just fall flat on her face. With how disproportional she was, she probably looked ridiculous.

Bringing her hands up to meet them, she shook her head in disbelief. "I don't know what I'm gonna do."

"I tell ya what ya do." Suzy had uncapped the vodka bottle and taken a swig, forgoing the glass. "You go and find someone fun that you can show those things to. I'm sure anyone here sure would like a peak. Myself included." She added, not revealing a blush.

Lin blinked in surprise. Maybe she'd been going about this with the wrong attitude. She stood with her back a little straighter, finally letting go of the bar.

"Thanks, but I'm not sure how many more times that's gonna happen tonight. I might be walking out of here in a wheelbarrow."

"Then cheers to the army of boob-happy slaves you'll have gathered by then." She raised her bottle in a self-cheers, and took another swig.

Lin looked for Stephanie, finding her being engrossed in deep conversation, as well as a thorough groping, with Hannah. She seemed to be doing fine. She still needed to find Jennifer.

"I'm going to go check on-" Lin had turned to say goodbye to Suzy, but she was already gone when she looked back. Taking a breath and adjusting to her new center of gravity, Lin pushed off from the bar and headed into the crowd alone.

With how packed together people were standing around, it would have been impossible to squeeze through without her two blimp-tits touching anyone. And so, bracing for a bit of physical contact, she began squeezing herself through the biggest gaps in the crowd she could find.

After getting through the first wall of people it wasn't so bad actually. She only had to squish her boobs against every fifth person or so, and the comments weren't anything too nasty.

"Oh, excuse *me*, ma'am!"

"My bad I- Woah! Go ahead!"

"Apologies! As you were, M'lady!"

Lin shivered, hoping not to run into that last guy with the fedora another time that night. She thought maybe if the night went on long enough crowds would start parting for her, but she hoped it wouldn't get that far. Looking over her shoulder, she saw a hat in the crowd. Oh god, he was following her.

She escaped the throng of people and made for the hall, looking to put as much distance between them as she could. Regardless of her intent, there he was, suddenly in front of her.

"How do you do, miss?"

"Uhh, hey. How's it goin'?" She said despite her discomfort, her politeness kicking in.

His greasy hair was hanging partway in his face. He motioned a hand up to adjust his glasses. "I noticed you didn't seem to have accompaniment tonight, and I-"

Like a hawk swooping in on a fish, suddenly another girl was in front of her, face to face, eyes questioning with concern.

"You good?"

Not wanting to show a shake of the head, she took Lin's eyes widening slightly as a "No." She nodded and turned around to face Fedora Boy.

"Ah, how do you do M'la-" He started.

Without a word, the girl spread her short denim jacket and lifted her shirt. She shimmied side to side a little, and while she couldn't see the boobs herself, Lin could see the guy's face.

"You're going to go down to the bar, get yourself another drink, and forget you met us tonight."

She pulled her shirt back down and her seriousness flipped back to a veneer of politeness.

"Have a good night, okay?" She said cheerily, like she'd just finished a pleasant conversation."

“Ladies.” The guy said, tipping his hat and smiling like he’d just finished a job well done. He turned back to the crowd, heading towards the bar to seemingly get himself a drink and experience some short term memory loss.

The girl turned back to Lin.

“Hey, sorry to jump in but I saw the look on your face.” She laughed a little. “Poor thing, like a raccoon realizing it was stuck in a dumpster.”

Lin laughed at the ridiculousness of the image, but didn’t really appreciate the raccoon comparison. Maybe she should just be happy no one had called her cow yet.

“You really saved my night there. With these damn things, who knows how long that guy would have followed me.”

“Ah, rentals?” She smiled, giving herself permission to get an eyeful.

“Hoping to return them as soon as possible.” Lin huffed.

“Seems to be more than just the fan club getting you down. You really don’t like them?”

Lin tried to cross her arms, which was getting increasingly difficult to do, so she gave up. “I just- They’re so huge and in the way. Every time I stop moving they stop a few seconds after. And every time I walk into a room it’s like I’d been announced by trumpet!”

“Stop, you’re turning me on.” She nudged her on the shoulder and winked. “I’m Kayla by the way.”

“I’m Lin. Nice to meet y-”

“I could help you out with that, you know.” Kayla cut her off, moving in a little closer. “I mean, you normally like boobs, right? At least on other girls?”

The mention of them made Lin’s eyes dart down to Kayla’s, tucked neatly under her shirt and short jean-jacket.

“Yeah... I suppose. If I saw these on someone else I’d assume she was-”

“A queen? Because that’s what being announced by trumpet sounds like.”

“I was going to say model...” She read for the first time Kayla’s name tag.

“Hypnotits”

(Anyone who sees my boobs becomes highly suggestable!)

She contemplated for the first time what Kayla was offering.

“What exactly are you proposing? Can you just hypnotise my tits away?”

Thumbs up under her shirt, Kayla smiled slyly. “Magic trick?”

She lifted her top, letting her little handfuls spill out into the air. Inevitably, Lin’s eyes fell straight onto them. They were so cute... Just the right shape. It was like they filled up all the space in her head.

And then, Kayla was snapping her fingers in her face. She blinked, suddenly realizing they were in a different room. All of the chattering around them from the crowd was now a dull roar on the other side of the door, down a hall, in another room. She looked back at Kayla, who smiled.

“We’re in one of the downstairs bedrooms. For a little privacy.”

“And how did we-”

“I just asked you to follow me and then forget about it once we got here.”

“Wow uh, that’s pretty evil.” Lin said before thinking about the words.

Kayla shrugged. “Probably could be. But that’s not what I’m about. I like helping!” She leaned in a little closer. “So you want to enjoy those titties or do you want to be miserable all night?”

Looking down for the hundredth time that night. At the moment, these giant tits she was stuck with simply didn’t spark joy. She wondered what Stephanie and Jennifer were doing out there, partying it up. Lin nodded to herself.

“Alright. Do it! Just don’t turn me into some bimbo or something.”

“Yes! I haven’t had a dissatisfied customer yet.”

“How many people have you-”

“Say cheese!”

And once again, Kayla perky tits bounced down and filled her vision, her attention, and her mind. All she could think or feel was warm softness, and then she was abruptly brought back with a snap in the face.

“Someone could get addicted to that...”

“Well?” Kayla leaned in. “How do you feel?”

Lin looked down.

“Holy shit.” She reeled, experiencing her boobs like she was seeing them for the first time. The first thing she felt was a wave of warmth that shot down between her legs just knowing that these were hers, followed by a second wave when she slowly lifted them up with her hands. Experimentally, she squeezed, and a flood of tingling sensation danced beneath her fingers. Her head rolled back for a moment before snapping back, trying to control herself. “What did you do?”

“Well, I tricked your brain a little, and now it thinks it’s a 15 year old boy. At least as far as boobs are concerned. Oh, and I turned your self-consciousness and inhibitions down a bit to make room for the impure thoughts.” With a grin, she shook her chest back and forth a little, watching for Lin’s reaction.

Impure thoughts indeed. Lin had to grab her own hand to stop herself from reaching straight out to have at them. Kayla giggled.

“Yeah, I think you’re gonna have a great night.” With a smile, Kayla kissed her on the cheek.

“I don’t know, maybe we could dial it back a-” Lin’s words fell away once Kayla’s boobs were in her face again. The whole world fell away behind those titties.

Suddenly, she was standing back at the bar in front of Hannah and Stephanie, the two of them still engrossed in conversation and casual squeezing. Muscles in Lin’s belly twitched. They seemed to notice her the same time she noticed them. Still a little foggy and a lot hornier than she’d like to be, she joined them.

“Hey, there you are! We thought I was going to have to launch two search parties, which is pretty hard to do alone.”

“I could have helped gather a party. And hey, I’m sure your other friend couldn’t be getting herself into too much trouble. She’ll still be in the house.”

“That’s what I’m worried about.”

It was a little odd to be speaking directly to two girls who simply weren’t acknowledging that they were on third base with each other. Lin was having a very difficult time pulling her eyes away from Stephanie’s boobs being lovingly caressed beneath Hannah’s hands. She wondered what it would feel like if they were her hands. If they were her boobs. She closed her eyes, pushing through the images of breasts floating around in her mind.

"I'm alright. Got a little lost for a minute. Met a new friend. You two seem to be hitting it off?"

Hannah sighed, "Well, Suzy took off on a mission to drown herself trying to make herself bigger than you, so let's hope she didn't get carried away and knock herself out. In the meantime Stephanie's made some fine company."

For some reason Lin thought Suzy knew how to hold her liquor. "Well, I think we'd better try and find Jenn. Not everyone here is as great as you two."

"Ah, well. For the best then." Hannah stepped away, her hands only leaving Stephanie's breasts at the last possible second. Her shirt was distorted and warped around her chest seemingly irreparably. "Think I'll go look for Suzy and be ready to hold her hair." With a smile, Heather turned away and started scanning the bar, her arms jumping out at passers by for quick grabs and pinches.

"She is so nice!" Stephanie said, shaking her head.

Lin teetered on the fence between letting her live her truth and popping her bubble, but decided to shrug and let it go. "Yeah, both of them. Hope we run into them again."

"We will no doubt be returning to the bar." Steph laughed, making her boobs bounce a little.

It was enough to suck Lin's eyes straight to them. In her mind, a war broke out.

She could touch them. She could touch them right now, and Steph would never know, but now that she knew how much she would enjoy it, it almost felt wrong. It would make her feel dirty, using her friend's body like that and not telling her. And yet, the distance she would have to cross to push those soft, round breasts into her hands was so very, very short.

This internal battle lasted all but two seconds in real time. Lin nodded and smiled, probably a little wider than she meant to, sending both hands out to grope her friend.

"So uh, what did you two talk about?" Lin sent out, giving Steph something she could sink her teeth into while Lin sunk in her fingers.

"Oh, you know. Same old. I asked what she was drinking, and she ordered me one. She's started the party on the other side of the building. Man, she's seen some crazy stuff! One girl had a tail with a dick on it! There was this other guy who found and orb that..."

Lin half nodded, pretending to be deeply engrossed in the story while she squeezed her knees together, the muscles between her legs clenching with every grasp and stroke of her friend's breasts. Even through the material of her shirt the fullness of their shape and weight

couldn't be overlooked. Her nipples had already been hard at first touch, but then again, so had Lin's.

She wasn't sure how long the story had gone on, but she could tell by the cadence of Stephanie's voice that it was coming to a close. She pulled herself out of the titty-mad stupor and likewise pulled her hands back.

"... was just huge! It was fine, cause she spat him back out at the end, but fuck. Could you imagine?"

"No- No I couldn't." Lin smiled and nodded, the great rush of dopamine having left her brain in a horny afterglow. She could feel it, her panties were soaked. "I guess we should look for Jenn, huh?"

"We should look for one of those magic macguffins lying around. I bet we could take over half the party with just the two of us. Oh right, we were doing something! Why'd you distract me like that, C'mon Lin! We gotta find Jenn!"

Turning around to continue their search, Lin followed after her with a giggly response. "You're right. Won't happen again." Still remembering the feel of those boobs against her fingertips, she turned her attention downwards to watch her own boobs bounce along with her steps as she followed Steph. They almost felt as mesmerizing as Kayla's had. If there was one thing she could say about her "help", it was that she was still distracted, just for a whole different reason now.

And GOD she was horny.

Looking back up to follow Stephanie, she quickly realized another minefield she would have to traverse; the chests of all the gorgeous women here. By her estimate the party was about 90% female to 10% male, and for some reason after the festivities started the guys seemed even more sparse. Now every girl they passed sent her eyes jumping in her skull and sent her brain off to fantasyland.

She was reminded with every new passing partygoer that they all had one foot in fantasyland already. While she herself was collecting titty mass at an alarming rate, a lot of other girls seemed to have had similar size complications, among other strange issues.

They passed one girl speaking to another in the hall who's top was clearly not designed for her four breasts, one set atop the other. The image stayed long after Lin, with great effort, pulled her eyes away, only to see another girl with the same arrangement, only larger. She was sporting a red top that only covered the top pair, and the horns on her head gave a bovine impression.

However many times Lin wanted to stop, Steph kept pulling her through the crowd, scanning with her eyes, focused on her objective. To be fair, Lin was looking too, just for different reasons.

As they continued they heard a sound coming from one of the sets of double doors at the end of the hall. It solidified into clear moans, cries of pleasure, but also... Cheering and laughter? Giving each other a look, the two girls nodded and pushed through the doors, heading inside.

Chapter 3

The room opened up into a massive ballroom floor, divided up into stations like some sort of indoor carnival. Barkers behind booths lead people up paths lined with games and attractions, each sporting a different style of strange torment of some poor girl. Most of them were either naked or dressed up in almost nothing, some of them trying to look enthused, but most of them giving dirty looks to the people approaching their booths.

One girl shouted jeers at a couple throwing balls at a target as she sat above a tank full of suspicious pink liquid. "You'd never hit it if you stood there all day!" The skinny blonde thing atop the hydraulic chair shouted. Gripping his final ball, he chunked it with all his weight, throwing the metal target back with a satisfying ding.

The girl's eyes shot open wide with shock as she was plunged into the fluid. After a great amount of splashing, she shot back up with a gasp, pushing the liquid and hair out of her eyes. "Fuck! Is it going to feel that good every time?" Through suddenly poutier lips she asked the booth attendant as she helped her climb the ladder out of the pool. She laughed and nodded. After emerging from the liquid, the "skinny thing" had filled out quite a bit. Her white soaked shirt was pushed out quite a bit now, and her hips and thighs had filled out by at least a few inches.

"Step right up, go ahead and take a shot! Guess this lovely ladies' age!"

Lin's attention was pulled away by another barker, holding a small pointer up to a girl in a red bikini. "You, good miss! Would you like to play? Costs nothing but a moment of your time, and a scrap of intuition!"

When Lin realized she was being pointed at with the little rod, she stopped. "Uhh..." She smiled at the girl, who smiled back politely in a posing display. Looking her up and down, she noted a few places here and there where fat had piled up and tried to escape over tight clothing. Her breasts showed just a hint of sagging. Her face bore only faint crow's feet. Not all of the youth had left this girl yet, but she couldn't be that young.

"Maybe... 34?"

“Ohh! Very close madam! The correct answer was thirty six! RESET!” He tapped the pointer on the side of the booth, and the bikini girl looked down excitedly. She giggled as those subtle signs of age that Lin had noticed slowly faded away. The heavy breasts being held by the red bikini top shifted to support perkier loads. The flab around her hips and belly melted away into smooth flesh supporting supple muscle. When her face finished shifting, Lin couldn’t have placed her a day over twenty.

“Just one try per guest if you please. We try not to wear out our participants.” As she was waved along for the next player, Stephanie had just run back for her.

“Do I actually have to drag you for you to help me or-”

“Sorry! I got distracted.”

They continued through the excited bustle. It was strange how the party atmosphere had morphed into some kind of fair. Attractions that stretched the imagination tried to pull her attention away from the search at every turn.

“I don’t know. I thought she might have been in here. We can circle back towards the entry hall and try looking there.”

“Uhh, Steph?” Lin’s eyes were fixed on another attraction. “Maybe we should try here.”

“Lin, can you stop staring at titties for five minutes? You’re starting to concern me.”

“No, Steph, look!” Grabbing her sleeve and turning her, Lin and Steph faced the booth.

Jennifer was live and center stage in a booth of her own. The expression on her face showed that she’d been watching them, and had been sincerely hoping they wouldn’t notice her. This was for a few reasons. First, that she was naked from the waist down and strapped to a large wooden X by her wrists, waist and ankles, and second, that she had a ten inch erection throbbing in the wind.

“That’s... New.” Stephanie said, at a loss for words. That was certainly new for Stephanie.

“Oh my god, Jenn! Are you okay?” Lin stepped forward, and was greeted by another one of the suited carnival barkers behind the booth.

“Fancy a round? It’s four tries per p-” The attendant started to explain while staring at Lin’s chest.

“You let her down right now!” Lin exploded, surprising and confusing the attendant.

“Lin! Hold on! Let me explain. I uhh- They’ll let me out in a few minutes. Just- just go somewhere else! Walk around the carnival and I’ll meet you soon!”

“What the hell kind of game-” Steph started, but was pushed to the side.

“We’ll play!” Two other girls in matching yellow skirts approached the booth and kindly took the assorted metal rings from the barker, who lit back up at their enthusiasm.

“Three silvers or one gold wins the prize!”

Giggling, they took turns, closing one eye and lining up their throws, before tossing the rings towards Jennifer’s dick. She couldn’t struggle very much in her restraints, but she didn’t bother to attempt avoiding the rings, apparently having already learned she couldn’t. They first threw silver rings about the width of your palm. They each had three, and only their last throw landed it’s mark, the rest bouncing embarrassingly off Jennifer’s thighs.

The one that did land, however, forced Jennifer to react against her restraints, her face focusing on an intense, unavoidable pleasure.

“And you each get one bonus throw!” The barker approached with two gold rings half the size of the others.

“Oh my god, it’s so small!” One of the girls giggled, holding her little finger up to the gold ring. “There’s no way this’ll even fit on there.” She and her friend had a laugh, her friend throwing first and missing. Still laughing, she slung her ring towards her target, and in some kind of reverse miracle, she hit a bullseye. Barely slipping around it’s head on impact, the gold ring rested just on the end of her shaft.

“Jackpot!” The barker cried over Jennifer’s moans, both attracting passersby to the action.

“Don’t look!” Jennifer cried to Lin and Stephanie as her hips began to buck. The gold ring had sent a lightning bolt of pleasure straight into her like her dick was a lightning rod, instantly sending her muscles rhythmically clenching and her balls churning. Her head rolled back as she started cumming. With a groan accompanying each spurt, a large purple tarp laid on the floor of the booth caught the falling seed, revealing that this was definitely not the first time someone had won the jackpot.

With the last few spurts being much weaker, she eventually sighed with relief as the attendant removed the ring and wiped it down with a nearby sanitary cloth.

“I’ll meet up... With you later...” Jenn gasped to her friends, her sweat making several strands of hair stick to her face.

Lin and Stephanie nodding to each other with worried looks, they took off past the line forming up at their friend's booth.

After walking a goodly distance so they didn't have to listen to her moans, the atmosphere of the fair quickly drowned them out with further noises of mirth and debauchery.

Passing a heavy petting zoo full of animal girls fenced in by a waist-high wooden gate, Stephanie stopped and turned in frustration, almost making Lin collide with her.

"How many girls do they have pinned up in this place? And why the hell aren't they fighting back?"

"Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves to me..." Lin said.

Together their eyes fell on a girl in a wooly outfit nuzzling the hand of a guy feeling her up. The whole time she made soft bleating noises.

"Maybe there's something we're not seeing. I'm sure Jenn will explain..."

To their other side they were surprised by an orgasmic scream and a loud bell. Some guy holding a hammer looked very pleased with himself, having hit the weight high enough up the pole to hit the shining neon "O" at the top. The girl straddling a special seat attached to the pole was grinding into it desperately as she rode out the sudden climax, moaning loudly.

"Ugh, this place..." Stephanie rolled her eyes.

Just as Lin got another urge to cop a feel and her hands came up to do so, Stephanie turned away, continuing along the circular path of booths. Lin sighed.

As Stephanie currently had no taste for such frivolity at the expense of her fellow woman, they started passing booths at a breakneck speed. Lin barely had time to read the names plastered on signs or written on draped banners to label each station.

They passed a girl juggling flesh-colored balls, and only at the last second did Lin notice the nipples on each one. They passed a girl waving at people from high above the crowd on what Lin mistook to be stilts, but ended up being her legs. One booth had a girl strapped to a rotating circle that people were throwing some kind of pellets at, and each made that spot on her body glow faintly, as well as twist her face up with pleasure.

Starting to fall behind a feeling like she was missing the festivities around her, Lin slowed. "C'mon Steph, there's gotta be something here that sparks your interest. Maybe not any of the sex torture stuff, but something!"

"This fucking party... I don't know what I was thinking Lin. I'm sorry I dragged you guys here."

"What? Stephanie no! For the first time since we got here I'm having fun! Look around! Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves. I know the thing on your nametag hasn't really been that fun for you-"

"What? I thought you said no one had-"

"That was before- Uh, but that's not important." Lin quickly changed the subject, trying to bring up positives. "I mean, Steph, look at me!" Lin hopped once on the balls of her feet and sent her girls bouncing. "Where else would this have even been possible? This is amazing! And even more amazing, I kinda like it!"

"Why do you think I'm so upset?!" Stephanie shouted louder than she'd meant to, suddenly reeling back. "Sorry. I just- you're walking over here with THOSE and everyone's looking at you and I- I used to be the biggest girl in the group, y'know?"

Lin laughed, somewhat inappropriately.

"You're laughing at me?" Stephanie looked hurt. "Seriously?"

"No- Steph..." Lin's face dropped, realising her mistake. "I'm laughing at the idea of YOU being jealous of ME." She got closer and clasped Stephanie's hand in hers. "You think a stupid pair of titties is gonna make me hotter than you?"

"You're right... It's stupid when you say it out loud." Stephanie sniffed. Lin ignored the half-insult. "You're right. I should be happy for you! I know self-confidence has never really been your thing."

"Yeah, that is true."

"And no one ever used to look at you before tonight."

"Y-yeah..."

"I mean, compared to now, what you had before was just-"

"I get it Steph." Lin cut her off. Lin sighed, just glad she was able to get the thorn out of her friend's paw. "C'mere."

Lin leaned in for a hug, and Stephanie returned it in kind, squeezing Lin's boobs into all the available space under Stephanie's.

After a few seconds Stephanie laughed. "Oh come on, now you're just showing off."

With a laugh they parted, and Stephanie's eyes went wide looking over Lin's shoulder. "What is that..."

From across the row she thought she had noticed a girl that looked like her. Outside a red and white-stripped tent were six ornate full-length mirrors, three on either side of its entrance. The girl she thought she had seen turned out to be her reflection in the middle-left mirror. The reason she had thought it was someone else at first, was apart from the face, it looked almost nothing like her. The reflection had the body mass of a professional body-builder, and Stephanie's current clothes were stretched to their utmost limits around her reflection's muscle-bound form.

"What the hell? Look at that! My clothes are about to explode off of me!"

"Fuck, me too." Lin said, turning sideways to see her own reflection from a different angle. From Lin's perspective, she could only see her own reflection in the far left mirror, which was showing her what she would look like if she was gravidly pregnant. Her belly, the size of a beachball, had completely popped every button in her reflection's top, leaving each half to barely conceal her nipples on each breast spilling off the top of her belly.

"Oh my gosh! Check this out!" Stephanie had walked a few steps to the right and caught herself in the mirror just to the left of the entrance.

Joining her and matching her angle, Lin saw them both through the mirror, about three feet tall and no less stacked than in reality. This made their proportions ridiculously lewd, with tits and asses spilling out everywhere, and they'd probably hardly be able to walk.

They both burst into laughter at the ridiculousness of it, turning this way and that to see if there was an angle that somehow made more sense. Sides hurting and with the mood now considerably lightened, they moved on to the next mirror together.

The laughing stopped as Stephanie's breath caught in her throat. Lin felt herself begin to sweat and her nipples harden.

Before them in the next mirror their reflections taunted them with visions of extreme tiddy. Both of their tops had been shredded in the front, with breasts so large that they couldn't imagine standing. The bottom of their curves ended just above their navels, and too wide to fit side by side, Lin could only see one of her own giant boobs behind both of Stephanie's. The giant masses of pale flesh blocked everything below their collarbone from view down to their waists. Their nipples were the size of small plates, and their nipples like little shot glasses.

Unable to hold back and curious to see what would happen, Lin's hands dove in.

"See Steph? You'd just look ridic-"

“That’s so fucking hot.” She said, miserably, as her reflection’s tits were lifted up magically to match Lin’s groping motions. Lin thought it was funny how they moved, as she wouldn’t have been able to even lift that much weight if they had really been on Stephanie.

With a sigh, Steph added, “And because of the mirror I know you’re grabbing me. Tits don’t float on their own.”

Fuck! Lin’s face went red. She pulled her hands back immediately.

“I didn’t say stop...” Stephanie’s smile let her know she was joking, enjoying teasing her flustered friend.

“God, you’re the worst!” Lin pushed Steph, and her eyes automatically went to the mirror to watch those giant tiddies flail about in response.

“How much have your hands been up my shirt tonight? You’re supposed to be the tiddy queen tonight.” Swooping back in, she lifted Lin’s boobs a good six inches and dropped them.

Within her nearly destroyed shirt Lin’s boobs bounced and bounced again, making her gasp. Inside the heat of her arousal, the heat of her embarrassment, and her friend touching her breasts for the first time that night, something was set off within her. After the initial touch, pleasure only mounted within Lin’s chest. She let out a transparent moan before her plea.

“Ahh! Steph! It’s happening agaiHHNn-! I’m gonna-!” Lin grabbed Stephanie’s arm with both hands in an iron grip. Her legs buckled and she fell to her knees, as within her breasts the waves of pleasure that had been building finally crashed to a peak.

Two more buttons above and below the one that had popped off before exploded clear off her blouse as her tits swelled with mass once more. As the bloom of pleasure surged from her breasts, down her spine and between her legs, she came in earnest as her shirt lost another two buttons to another wave of growth.

She could no longer contain her voice, and with a third and final surge of growth, she let her pleasure become moans inside her throat. This drew a bit of attention, passing fairgoers noticing yet another girl cumming among the chaos.

“Holy shit, you okay? Was that me?”

“No, no, you’re good. I’m good...” A little delirious, Lin rose to her feet, putting more strain on her shirt and putting on the final straw. With a snap the last weight supporting button on her blouse popped off, letting her tits fall completely into the open air.

“Holy shit is right!” Lin said, bringing her forearms up instinctively to cover her nipples, but Stephanie had seen what she’d seen. She could feel the weight strain against her back and shoulder muscles when she’d let up with her arms. These were certainly watermelons now.

“Here, take off your top.” Steph said, holding out an open palm.

“Steph!”

“Just trust me.”

Reluctantly pulling the arms out of her sleeves as her tits flopped around openly, she handed the ruined garment to Stephanie.

“Here, turn around.” She pulled the arms around, laying the back of the top across Lin’s chest and bringing the arms around her back to tie it together. Doing some clever cloth-tying-together, Steph wrapped the shirt around the underside of her Lin’s boobs to cover them completely even from the bottom. The only problem was that now her back and belly were exposed, but she supposed after another wave like that she’d look like the girl in the mirror anyway, so no one would even see her stomach.

“Thanks, that actually might work for a bit.” Lin turned back around, bouncing on her heels a few times to test the weight. She was pulled forward because she underestimated it. Guess she would have to adjust slowly.

Wanting to ask if she could touch them but not wanting to set her off again, Stephanie decided against it. She found when she looked where her jealousy had been, she only found admiration and arousal now. She coughed.

“C’mon, let’s keep going. I really don’t want to go into that mirror tent. I doubt we’d get to pick which one of those reflections we’d end up as.” Steph turned back to the road, waving away a few of the people who had stopped to watch what was happening.

“Guys! Over here!” From behind them, Jennifer ran to catch up. She had gotten her pants back, much to their relief, albeit now with an ominous bulge.

“Jen!” Lin hugged her full on, engulfing her in her breasts.

“Damn Lin! Those tits are crazy! You okay?”

She pulled away, bouncing with a giggle. “I’m kinda leaning into them.”

“Is SHE okay? Jennifer can you PLEASE explain what’s going on now? What happened to you?”

“Right, that. It’s kind of a long story.” Jennifer took a deep breath. “Right, okay, so as yall already saw...” She grimaced, gesturing down at her new junk. “Working with some new equipment at the moment.” She nodded, continuing on. “That started right when I got my name tag and the party started. That’s when I kinda ran to the bathroom and freaked out for a minute.”

“And jerked off.” Lin added, jokingly, but Jennifer’s face went red regardless.

She coughed nervously and continued. “Anyway, after that I wandered around looking for some way to change it back before the whole rest of my party was ruined by this thing, and wouldn’t you know it I found something. After asking around I heard a rumor that there was someone in the carnival room who was granting wishes or something, so I came right down here.”

Steph and Lin were fully dialed in now, listening attentively.

“I met him, kind of a weird guy. He’s like the assigned boss of this room, and he hands out “gifts” in return for time working in the carnival games. I talked to him, and agreed that for an hour he would get rid of this thing. I was only at that booth for 30 minutes, but I was in a different one for another 30 before that. I... Don’t want to talk about it.” She shook her head. “Anyway, now I can finally go get this thing the hell off me.”

Stephanie leaned forward, one eyebrow raised. “What’s it like?”

“Uhh-” Jenn rubbed the back of her neck with her palm. “Kinda hard to explain. There’s not really anything to compare it to... Why, you wanna try one out?”

“God no.” She pulled away at the idea. “Just curious is all.”

“Well that’s great! We can head up and talk to the head honcho guy together!”

Jennifer eagerly egged them on as she led the other two through the event floor. It was much bigger than she had envisioned given the apparent size of the room’s walls, but they always seemed to move away from you the closer you got. They passed so many people in varying degrees of undress as they went through that Lin thought there must be more people pouring in every second.

Jennifer only slowed once they approached a large purple tent completely open on one side to reveal a pedestal and throne atop it, glistening gold and crimson felt. Atop that throne did sit the gaudiest motherfucker in the room.

In a green long-sleeved shirt, purple vest, and a pair of truly awful Rayban sunglasses. Naturally, no pants. His junk, however, was obscured by the head of the young woman bobbing up and down over it. In a voice like a Californian surfer, he dismissed her.

“Alright, I think you can back it on up now little thing. Your moves are weak. Please remove yourself from my glorious wang.”

Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, the redhead stayed on her knees, aghast.

He sighed, lifting one leg to lay it lazily on the throne as he reclined. He was wearing flip flops.

“I do hereby relieve you of your duty to the carnival, and grant your request of “like- a serious ass”. However, I also feel it necessary to designate at least thirty minutes of blowjob community service to encourage practice of proper technique.”

The high vocabulary and proper grammar conflicted heavily with the surfer-dude accent, but with the smile on his face somehow he was coming off as benevolent. Reaching next to his opulent throne, he picked up a wooden staff with a golden pineapple atop it and, holding it vertically, he planted it firmly onto the ground.

“Owh!” The girl before him toppled backwards as her ass doubled and redoubled in mass in a matter of seconds. The bottom of her dress was stretched nearly to tearing, before a final and much bigger wave of growth shredded the garment from the waist down. Beneath her her ass doubled in size one final time as she struggled for purchase on top of it. Feeling a warmth and tightness in her face, she brought a hand up to her lips and felt them far earlier than she should have. Drifting over them with her tongue sent a shiver up her spine.

“I also gave you some DSLs until your service is done so you don’t just put it off until the party’s over, not that I think you will want to.” He nonchalantly placed the staff back down in its resting place beside the throne and waved a wrist lazily in the air. Two uniformed carnival workers came and helped the girl with two beanbag chairs for an ass back to her feet and lead her from the Carnival King’s presence.

“Next supplicant!”

“That’s us!” Jenn squealed excitedly, pushing the other two forward much to their shock. Before they knew it the three of them stood in the gaze of his Raybans.

For a moment no one said anything, then the king snapped his fingers. “Josie! Sorry I was trying to remember your name. Welcome back! Did you enjoy the carnival booths?”

“Jennifer.” She stated bluntly before continuing. “And no, I didn’t have that great a time if I’m being honest. Now can you PLEASE get this thing off me.”

“Woah woah woah- Hold on there chick-a-dee. Let me see that nametag.”

Raising an eyebrow in confusion, Jennifer complied, approaching his majesty and holding her card up for him to read.

“Are you crazy, dude?” He said, reeling back. “I’m not just gonna delete some poor guy’s wang!”

“What?” Jennifer looked down, actually reading her card for the first time.

“The Old Switcharoo”

(Switch your junk with the junk of someone else at the party.)

Jennifer’s face went white. This hadn’t even been her dick the entire time. She had some other guy’s dick between her legs. This only multiplied her desire to get it the hell off of her. Her blood boiled.

“You’re just gonna leave me like this?”

“Many other party people have taken on some strangeness tonight. Just embrace it, dude. However, since you have completed your time as a volunteer, I will still respect our deal. I will grant you one request, that will last until the end of the night.”

At that exact moment, in Lin’s mind, a miniature version of herself with red skin, horns, and a pointed tail appeared above her shoulder. Her sister did not show up for work. It whispered something in her ear, and whatever it was made her smile wide. Lin leaned forward, and whispered something into Jennifer’s ear.

Jennifer had been bubbling with rejection, rage, and visions of what she was going to have to endure that night, but whatever Lin had whispered to her made her suddenly smile wide.

She graciously bowed, submitting her request. “Your majesty, I request that you make my friend Stephanie’s boobs as big as my friend Lin’s.”

“You WHAT.” Stephanie shouted, taking a step back.

“Woah-ho, dude! Generosity and sisterhood! That’s what it’s all about people. I shall grant your request, and since you decided to lend your boon to another, I will do you another good turn. If you manage to find your other half tonight and bring him here, I’ll swap you back no prob!”

Stephanie stepped forward. “Okay yeah, but no. She’s not being serious. She’s joking.” She turned around and angrily whisper-shouted, “Jen! Ask for something else!” To which she only smiled, shrugged, and looked away. She was gonna kill her.

The Carnival King lifted his staff. “Alright dudes, I hereby decree that for the rest of the night, Stephanie-” He pointed his staff towards who he thought Stephanie was and looked to

Jennifer for confirmation. She nodded approvingly. "Will have boobies the same size as..." assuming that the girl with the huge tits standing next to his subject was correct, "Lin." He looked again for the nod, which he found. Lin waved, embarrassed. A little unsure how to end it, he nodded himself and finished with, "Let it be so!"

As his staff hit the ground, Stephanie's breasts lurched within her shirt. Grabbing them with both hands, she felt each pulse of growth as they gained more and more mass. It was happening so fast. In a panic, she turned to look at Lin's boobs again to see how much bigger she was going to get. She wasn't even half way there yet.

"Ah!" She gasped with unexpected relief as her bra snapped at the clasp, the cups of her poor bra quickly overflowing and spilling into her shirt, which was stretching more by the second.

Lin's mouth watered as she watched her friend surpass the size of every bra she owned and then some. Stephanie's breasts overflowed her hands as quickly as they had her bra, though still contained within the stretchiness of her T-shirt. Lin realized she was clutching her own chest in sympathy.

With the final burst of growth that put her on the same level as Lin, her eyes rolled back, and she collapsed onto her knees. This gave her new boobs permission to bounce for the first time, and they did in spectacular fashion, even within Stephanie's clutches.

Now that Stephanie as well as Lin had tits bigger than their heads, the King nodded, satisfied. "Now go forth, babes, unto the party, and be merry! Unless one of you wants to enlist in the Carnival for another gracious boon."

Politely declining, with the exception of Stephanie who shouted expletives as Jennifer dragged her away, they retreated from the Carnival King's tent with ten more pounds than they'd entered with.

Finally away from the crowd, they stopped on the side of the road. They gathered around Stephanie, who stared down at her chest with her hands at her sides. Her shirt left nothing to the imagination, but at least it didn't show off any underboob yet. They really were as big as Lin's now, far bigger than any one hand could hold alone. Even if their chests were the same size now, Lin was still feeling a new level of excitement as seeing boobs that big that weren't her own.

"God damn it guys, these are ridiculous!" She sounded mad, but she was smiling.

"Oh come on, up until ten seconds ago you were jealous. Where'd all that enthusiasm go?" Lin nudged her, making them wobble.

"You've grown since we talked! I'm not sure I have enough finesse to pull off the giga-tits look. And if I was an all-access groping playground before..."

"Well, we promise, as your friends, NOT to take advantage of your grope-blindness." Jen swooped in behind Stephanie and patted her on the back. She then immediately snuck her arm around and gently massaged the side of Stephanie's titty. "Right Lin?" She said, feigning a stern look.

Lin joined them on Stephanie's other side, squishing her own pair into her and nodding to them both with a smile. "Right." She said, sliding her arm into the sideways group-hug, her hand found the warm, soft flesh of Stephanie's other tiddy. The moment the sensation arrived in her brain she felt a furnace flare to life between her legs.

"Aww, you guys are the best! And you'll protect me from people right? God, it's like I need my own bodyguards just for my tits."

"We will guard your tits with our life!" Lin raised a fist, and Jennifer's joined hers. They both squeezed a titty in unison.

"Here here!"

Pulling away from the hug, they both got in one last squeeze. Jennifer and Lin exchanged winks.

"Alright titty team!" Jennifer spoke up. "We all heard the man. This dick situation isn't going to go away by itself. Apparently this one belongs to someone, and that means that he's out there with my... business... doing god knows what. The mission: 1. Locate the subject, 2. Return him to the Carnival King, 3. We get back my business. Who's with me?"

Jennifer stuck her hand out palm down between them, waiting for the others to throw their hand on.

There was a moment's hesitation. Stephanie and Lin looked at each other, thinking much the same thing. It was Lin who said it.

"I mean, you don't even wanna like-" She made a not-so-subtle jerking gesture, "try it out?"

"WHAT I do or do not do with this dude's junk is also MY business. Capiche?" Jennifer's face was a little redder, but she stood firm, as did the bulge in her pants.

Stephanie chuckled. "Lotta serious business going on tonight." With that, she shrugged and threw her hand in the circle. Lin sighed, and threw hers in as well.

"Go titty team." Lin added with a deadpan, the signal for them to raise their arms in a cheer.

“Why do I have the feeling that this isn’t going to be easy...” Stephanie asked Lin in a low voice as Jennifer took off ahead to lead the mission.